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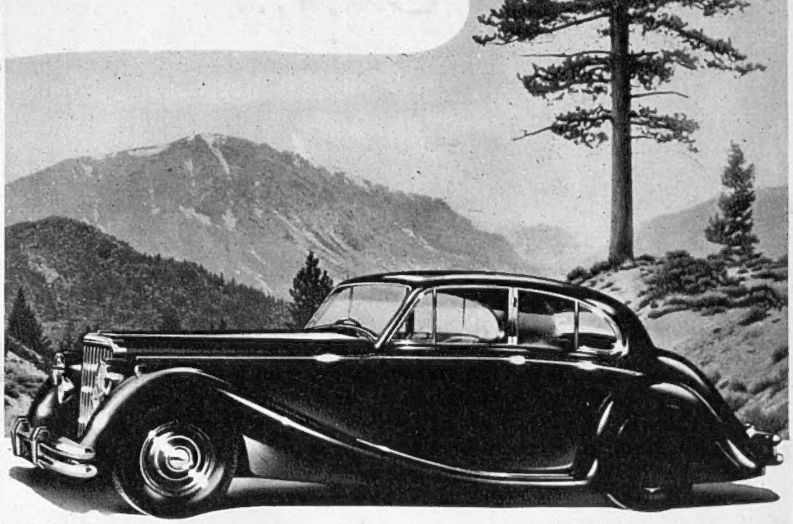

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1950

STRATFORD'S NEW STAR

BARBARA JEFFORD stole the applause at the opening of the Shakespeare Festival when in the rôle of Isabella she partnered John Gielgud in *Measure for Measure*. This nineteen-year-old newcomer is dark, handsome ; has passion and poise.

Photographed by Angus McBEAN.

The Sketch
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INSIDE INFORMATION

BEVERLEY BAXTER

C. A. LEJEUNE

J. C. TREWIN

RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

" Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough."
—*A. E. Housman.*

Sketch-Book

BEVERLEY BAXTER

APRIL is almost here ; in fact it is waiting girlishly and gigglingly in the wings ready to prance upon the stage and flaunt its charms in our faces. Browning, who was much given to travelling abroad, tried to build up a " visit Britain in April " movement, but it never came to anything. I am sorry to say that spring makes most of us dream of foreign places.

The great advantage of foreign travel is that you are never bored by conversation in a language which is not your own. Let a German say in his own tongue that it is already cooler than yesterday it was, and you are so pleased at understanding him that you have no criticism of the triteness of the remark. And if, in turn, the German speaks in English, then one is again intrigued by the novelty with which he assembles the words.

Further to this line of thought, I have before me at this moment a beautifully produced magazine called *Estate*, published in Italy. On the bottom of the cover page appear these headings :

LES TEXTILES NOUVEAUX.
THE NEW TEXTILES.
LOS NUEVOS TEXTILES.
DIE NEUEN TEXTILIEN.

Even a stage detective would know that there is something about the new textiles in this issue. But this admirable use of four languages is carried out in all the departments of the magazine, and with some highly unusual results.

For example, there is an entrancing short article on Capri which has four versions variously headed :

THE ANCESTOR OF CAPRI.
L'ANCESTRE DE CAPRI.
EL ANTECESOR DE CAPRI.
EIN VORFAHR VON CAPRI.

The opening sentence of the English version is at once arresting and original : " In the first years of the eighteenth century there lived in Milan or somewhere else an austere man-of-law who spent his rare busyless hours composing some Arcadian little poems."

What Englishman would dare to treat facts with such airy nonchalance ? Yet how much

livelier it would be if our biographers would start off with something like this : " Francis Bacon was born in England or Scotland and was a lawyer or something." No longer would schoolboys approach a history exam with misgivings. This system breaks the fetters and liberates the mind.

But let us proceed with the Ancestor of Capri : " Like many contemporary poets he sang the chaste joys of pastoral life so like the Greece's ancient inhabitants ; but as for him he never would have taken a step out of the Walls of his placid and comfortable town."

Admirably put ! Like all poets the Ancestor was a lazy fellow who would rather write about a mountain-top than take the trouble to climb one. As for the Greece's ancient inhabitants we know exactly what is meant, and therefore the words complete their mission.

I have not the space to quote the whole of this interesting article, but I recommend to all biographers the condensed effectiveness of the next paragraph :

> " *Quite a sedentary, then, apparently, however, who liked country-life and pastoral vagabondages but by his writing desk !* "

Here the author deliberately uses an adjective as a noun, but do we not say " He is a solitary " ? Then why not a sedentary ? As for " pastoral vagabondages " it is absolutely first class. And to end the story of the Ancestor I give you the final paragraph in which the author feels for a beauty which has no patience with syntax or something :—

> " By this mysterious ancestor do let us walk again the discoveries' itinerary that, one century long, we did to the sea and the sun. Here are, more beautiful than Citera's, the Charming shores of Capri's cliffs and of Ischia's blue little Harbours, with their white like little convents, houses. It is a poetry's way which begins in Arcadia and follows long Byron's and Lamartine's romanticism towards the Isles seeming the highest poet's fancy."

Compare that with " Brighton is Bracing " or " Hastings for Happiness." The mere setting down of this unknown writer's story of the Ancestor of Capri fills me with an almost uncontrollable longing to go there at once and walk in poetry's way.

IT must not be thought, however, that fine thoughts and soulful expression are confined to poets. There was a beautiful incident in Parliament recently when Mr. Aneurin Bevan was flinging Celtic eloquence or something in all directions. Dramatically he pointed his finger at the Tory pack and we cringed in anticipation of the dagger-thrust.

" The Conservatives," he cried, " plastered the country in the election with posters saying ' Let us reduce the high cost of living.' I want them to support the low cost of Loving."

Mr. Attlee looked at the ceiling. Sir Stafford Cripps nodded agreement. Mr. Churchill scratched his head. Somebody somewhere said " Hear ! Hear ! "

I still do not know the meaning of this political vagabondage, but it would be a popular policy, and it 's certainly in poetry's way.

IT is always inspiring when someone accomplishes the impossible, for at that moment the stature of man is raised. Such a moment occurred at Twickenham this month when the Army and Navy met in fierce combat on the sacred ground.

It was a case of a team against a side of individualists and we, who were for the Navy, realised that not only was the Army certain to win, but it looked as if the Navy would not score at all.

But with twenty minutes to go the Navy was awarded a penalty kick, at a point about two yards in their own half and the same distance from the East touchline. When the eminent Lewis Jones put the ball on the ground preparatory to a place kick, the assembled multitude roared with laughter. Here was bravado carried to its ultimate expression. Having pointed the ball hopefully in the general direction of the goal-posts the immortal Jones looked at it pensively and then, without any fuss, gave it a kick. The ball soared into the air like something with wings and suddenly the crowd went mad. The impossible was about to happen. The ball sailed over the cross-bar between the posts and then went on as if it were loath to come to earth.

Admirals pounded each other, politicians roared themselves hoarse, sub-lieutenants danced, and even the midshipmen applauded. I estimate that the length of the kick was 90 yards, which is ridiculous. Later on Lewis Jones kicked another goal from a difficult angle on the opposite side of the field, but this time it was merely incredible, not impossible.

ONE of the subjects which is engaging the minds of our rulers is how to entice American visitors to these shores and then how to keep them here for a reasonable length of time instead of seeing them use us merely as a jumping-off platform to the Continent. The most popular suggestion is that we should do everything possible to make them feel at home.

That is demonstrably absurd. If people want to feel at home they can achieve that desire by staying at home. We go abroad for something different. That is why I am dead against giving Americans ice water even when they ask for it.

Americans are the friendliest people in the world, but their lives are dedicated to dyspepsia. This is what happens over there when you are asked to dinner, say, at seven o'clock. For nearly an hour you drink iced cocktails, a process which stimulates conversation but chills the palate. The talk gets louder and louder as the libations multiply and the hostess smiles appreciatively at her husband. Everything is going with a swing.

Finally the company advances upon the dining-room, and there at each place, like a policeman, there is set a glass of ice-water. No wines are served, not even a whisky. Just ice-water. If it is a really modern, up-to-date home, the guests are then given pre-frozen vegetables and meat, but by that time the palate has lost all sense of taste. That magnificent steak might as well be cardboard for all that the palate could tell.

The American business man does not take alcohol at lunch, but once again the ice-water is at his elbow. No American has time for lunch, so he bolts his food, takes the last sip of ice-water, and rushes back to his office. That is why 80 per cent. of the wealth of America is in the hands of widows, or at any rate women who were widows.

Here is our chance to remind our cousins of the gentle distillation of the grape nourished in the sun, and to show them that leisure is necessary to the art of eating. If we could wean the American from his ice-water we would have done something towards repaying a goodly portion of our indebtedness.

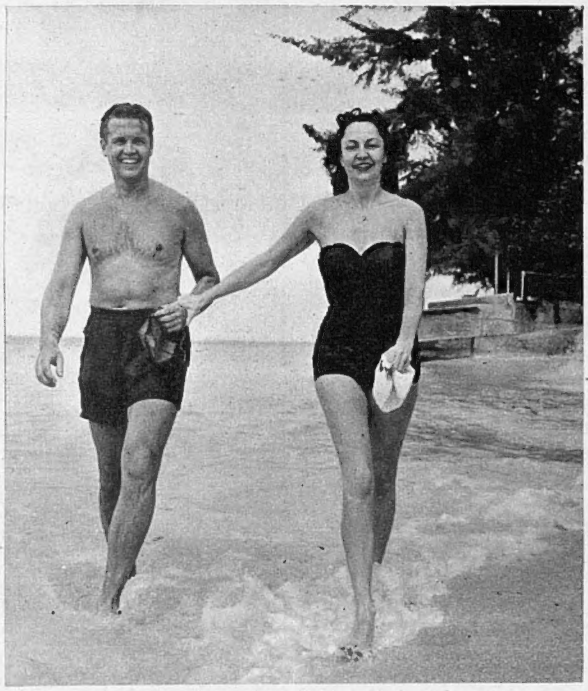
YES, the month of March is nearly out, and we can keep sweet April no longer waiting in the wings. Here is a month that sends wise men's thoughts philandering, and so we call for music, music, music, expressed in a poet's words :

Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir !
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Cup of flower or cone or fir ;
Make me anything but neuter
When the sap begins to stir !

Beverley Baxter

Miss Betty Losavio.

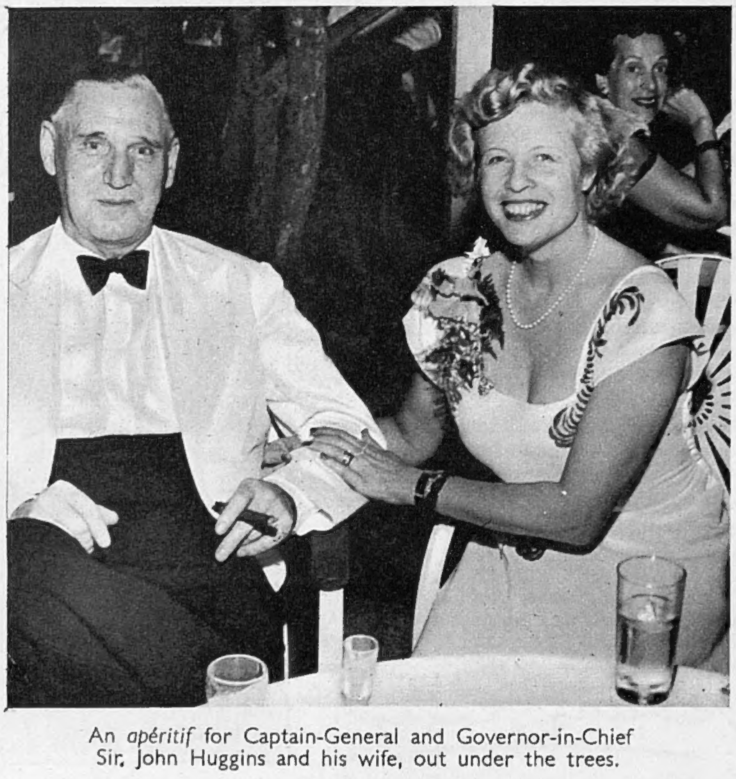
Family party at Sunset Lodge, Montego Bay : Lord and Lady Kemsley, with their daughter, Lady Huntly.



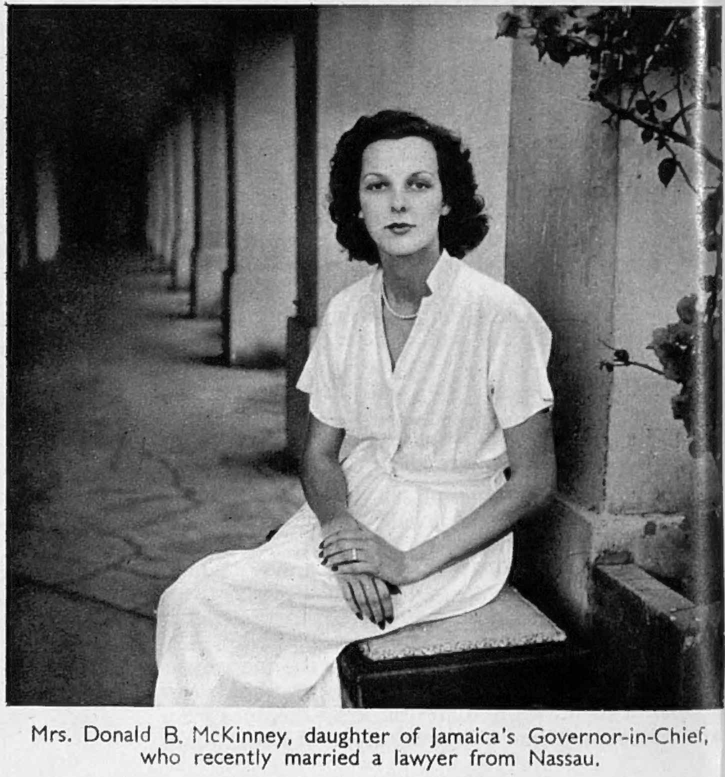
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Smith.

JAMAICAN INTERLUDE

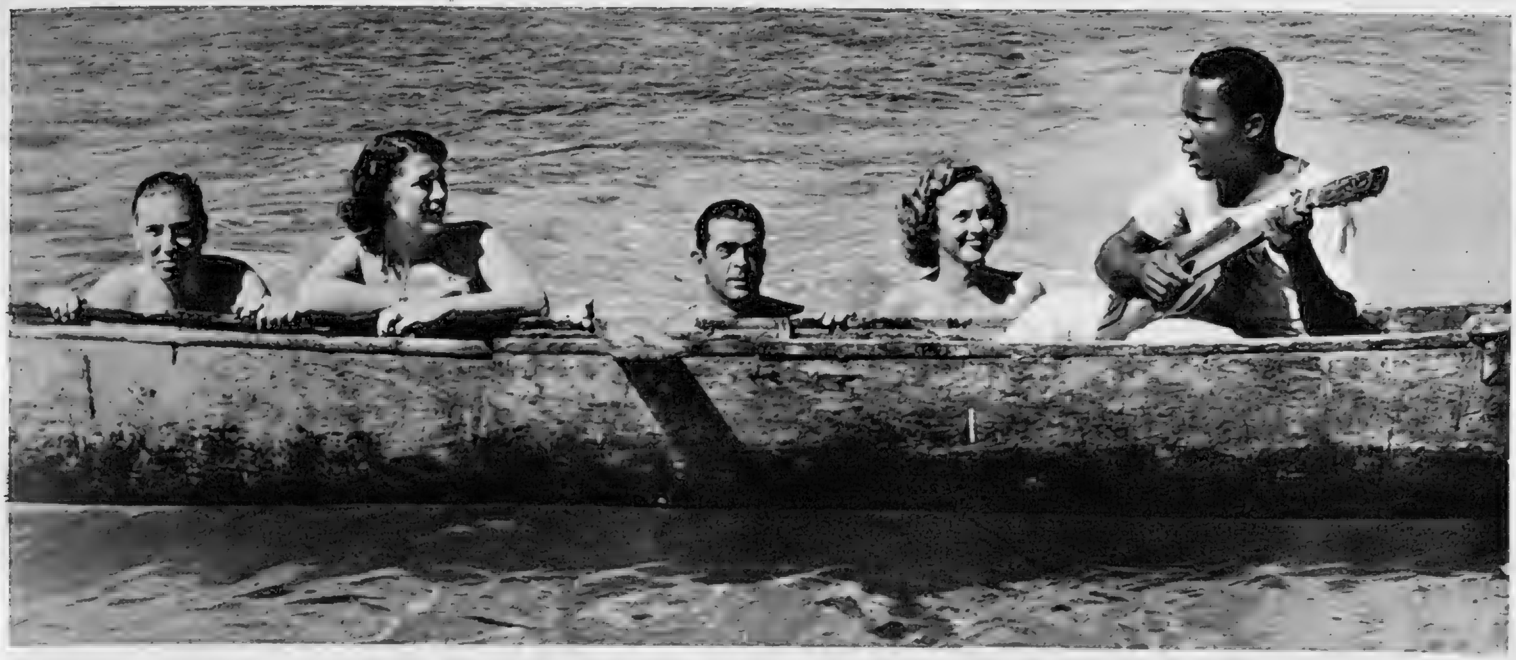
JAMAICA, biggest island of the British West Indies, has long been a holiday paradise for wealthy Americans. Now more English migrants, discovering its pleasures and beauty, are buying and building houses there, including Mr. Noel Coward, who recently acquired a small estate at Montego Bay. The climate is delightful, the sea deliciously warm for swimming ; and the brilliant flowers and trees are tropical. What 's more, there are no venomous snakes in this Eden. The Governor, Sir John Huggins, bears the old Spanish title of Captain-General, for the island was discovered by Columbus in 1494, though the English took it in 1655.



An *apéritif* for Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief Sir John Huggins and his wife, out under the trees.



Mrs. Donald B. McKinney, daughter of Jamaica's Governor-in-Chief, who recently married a lawyer from Nassau.



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Carpenter and Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle cling to the canoe of a native calypso singer.

Afternoon sun-bath : (l. to r.) Mr. Graham Payne, Mr. Noel Coward, Mr. John C. Wilson, Princess Natalie Paley, Miss Joyce Carey.

Candid Cameo

PETER BROOK

By J. C. Trewin

PETER BROOK, overcoated to the ears in his cold office at Covent Garden Opera House, looked like a small Teddy-bear. But he turned on me the face of an impish cherub. Plainly he should have been in gilt, blowing a rather long, thin trumpet, and tip-tilting over some revered theatre proscenium.

The cherub had just arrived from the gravity of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon. There he was rehearsing Gielgud in Shakespeare. Upstairs in the Royal Opera House (as Director of Productions) he still answered jabs at his Dali-fashion *Salome.* That night, on Shaftesbury Avenue, he would be putting rings round a French fantasy (plus Christopher Fry). At the moment, I gathered, someone was difficult on the telephone. The cherub listened without emotion, except for a stirring at the shoulders where his wings were giving trouble. When he lowered the receiver his blue eyes frowned slightly: I assumed that someone had asked him, inconsiderately, to do a *Hamlet* between lunch and tea. (For a *Hamlet* you need at least a week.) The cloud passed; he beamed on his secretary and beamed on me; and I duly inquired his age.

This is common form. Brook yearns to be his age. When he started in the theatre he was so young that he has been a subject ever since for articles headed, more or less, " Wonder Boy." Brook doesn't mind this when the facts are accurate; but he likes to get the age right. He has been twenty-one in print for so long that it is only fair to explain that to-day (March 29) is his twenty-fifth birthday. All of us, except embittered opera-goers, wish him Many Happy Returns. What opera-goers wish him is nobody's business.

Peter Brook, a Londoner with a cosmopolitan background, has had a Prodigy's career. That is, everyone began by saluting the boy's undoubted genius. Now they are asking what the devil he means by it. Brook is puzzled; it hardly adds up. He has the answers for everything; throughout his career he has never attempted what his critics call a " stunt." Let me repeat: the heart of Peter Brook is his independence (enemies call it audacity). He does not recall the productions that old hands compare with his. When he is told that Whatsisname never did this or that, and therefore it must be wrong, Brook listens with innocent disbelief. Probably he has never heard of Whatsisname. Anyway, it is his own production, his own point of view, right or wrong, Left or Right.

Argue with him, and you find yourself rowing against the rapids: he is on terms with every comma in a script. If you talk about stage sets, the imp will draw them for you, or—if you are lunching—build them with pepper-pots and forks. (It is well to get the salt at once and to keep it on your side of the table.) One question Peter Brook cannot answer: he does not know how he reached the stage. His mother was a scientist, and there is no reason why the Brook family should have produced a producer. He just happened, he says pensively, to be fond of the theatre. And why not? . . . Shrugging further into his overcoat, he frowned at the telephone, scribbled on his pad, and talked about *Measure for Measure* as if he had thought of nothing else since Oxford.

In fact, he has been less single-minded. He has produced plays (and commuted between Shakespeare and Sartre). He has produced operas. He has directed films. He has written for television. He has been a provocative ballet critic. He has designed sets. He has produced *The Wind in the Willows* on gramophone records. (And he has been captured by Spanish bandits, though that was an extra.) Actors, if not your average prima donna, like working for him because he is always eager, always inspiring, sure that what he does at the time is the most exciting thing yet. He never rages, never worries himself into a state. If anything seizes up, he looks a little hurt, a shade reproachful; his pleasant voice skids suddenly to a squeak.

Once he resolves that something-or-other is logical, he does it. It may not be orthodox Shakespeare, Marlowe or Mozart, but it is good Brook—and, I repeat, never a stunt. It was not a stunt even when the Wonder Boy, ages ago, in the almost prehistoric 1944, invited Aleister Crowley to advise on black magic in an undergraduate production of *Dr. Faustus*—on the luggage-label stage of the Torch. Brook was merely going to the best sources for his information. The cast survived; to-day the Mephistophilis gives piano lessons.

Music critics foamed when Brook chose, as it were, to Dali with *Salome.* The cherub posted an erudite reply from Paris. Three years before, when theatre critics fired leading questions about *Romeo and Juliet,* he answered with an essay of 3000 words. No one has complained of several of his productions, and no one will: certainly not about the famous Stratford *Love's Labour 's Lost* (Watteau décor, but who cried " Stunt " at this?), or about his *Dark of the Moon,* the American witch-boy fantasy that begins in swirling mist on a mountain-ridge. Our own witch-boy read the script in an Underground train. Since the production he has been busy sending back plays that begin in swirling mist on a mountain-ridge.

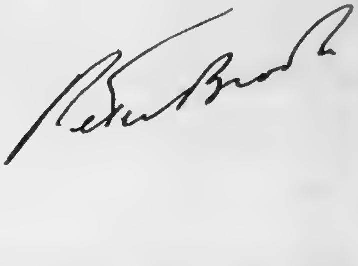
Covent Garden's endearing cherub aloft does not like trying the same effect twice. By no means. He has still much of Shakespeare to polish off, and quite a few operas. On his twenty-fifth birthday, with *Measure for Measure* behind him, and a French *Death of a Salesman* and an Easter holiday in Seville before him, Peter Brook will soon be looking for something to fill his time. Anyway, he will be back at Covent Garden in the autumn (the smelling-salts, please, for a Musical Gentleman in the third row). . . .

Here the telephone-bell jarred, and the cherub bowed over his instrument. Gathering from a sudden pucker that it must be at least a *Peer Gynt* (in full, by Friday afternoon), I sidled off into the wings.

★

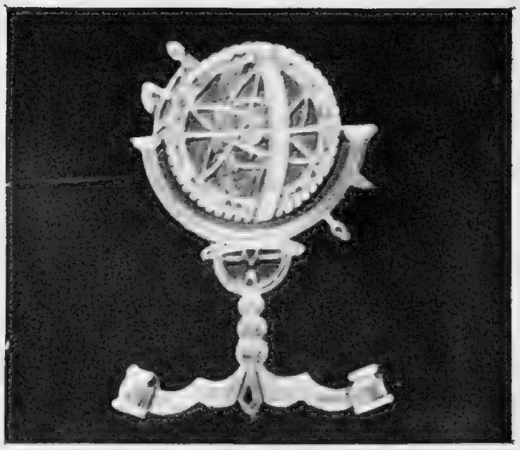
Who . . . Me?

WHY do the critics always get me wrong? My birthday isn't the 29th of March. But I mustn't carp at this article—it 's such a change to get off so lightly! Thank God *The Sketch* didn't commission this Candid Cameo from a certain venerable opera critic of our acquaintance. . . .



YOUTH AT THE HELM: PETER BROOK

Photomontage by ANGUS McBEAN



A silver astrolabe symbolising desert navigation by the stars was worn by "Popski's Private Army" on a black beret.

"POPSKI"

THIS legendary soldier of fortune, telegraphically christened "Popski," raised and commanded the British Army's smallest unit (about 100 men) for reconnaissance and sabotage behind the lines. On Italy's invasion he led his men with daring and skill from Cairo through a desert campaign and on to Vienna, where the Allies linked-up with the Russians. His newly-published *Private Army* is one of the war's best "thrillers." Belgian-born, of Russian descent, Cambridge-educated, Colonel Peniakoff's intimate knowledge of the desert was learned while sugar-planting in Egypt.

Specially photographed for *The Sketch* by CHRIS WARE.

Lt.-Col. Vladimir Peniakoff, D.S.O., M.C., *Officier de l'Ordre de la Couronne, avec palme ; Croix de Guerre, avec palme.*

In 1948 Colonel Peniakoff married Miss Pamela Firth, Irish-born daughter of Mr. L. L. Firth, one of the Jockey Club's official starters. They are seen at home in their Cliveden Place flat.

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Our Social Diary)

MARCH 8.

Royal Aero Club's successful ball at Aviation Centre, Londonderry House, attended by over 500 guests, was held on fortieth anniversary of issue of Aero Club's first aviator's certificate—owner Lord Brabazon. He's seen with Lady Brabazon receiving guest Mrs. H. M. Rowley.

MARCH 9.

Cheltenham; Gold Cup Day, and a hat-trick win for Cottage Rake, Aubrey Brabazon up. Look left: he's leading from Clarendon at last fence, first time round. Taking fence is Lord Bicester's Finnure, M. Molony up, who came in second, ten lengths behind. Behind was French horse, Marquis de Portago's Garde Toi, owner up, who came in third. Look right for spectators Lady Rose Fane, Lord Westmorland's sister, and Miss Philippa Dunne. Cottage Rake is second horse to win the Gold Cup three years running.

MARCH 10.

Married: Mr. Timothy N. Hughes-Onslow, son of Captain and Mrs. Oliver Hughes-Onslow, of Craig, Turnberry, Ayrshire, and Miss Susan Dugdale, daughter of Sir William and Lady Dugdale, of Merevale Hall, Atherstone, Warwickshire, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The reception was held at Londonderry House.

MARCH 11.

Hearty meeting of the Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt point-to-point at Slade Farm, Kirtlington, near Oxford. Good fields, good 'chasing, and pleasant, friendly atmosphere. In picture on the left is Miss D. V. Freer, a fine horsewoman, who won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race on her Varangian, talking to Colonel John Smith Maxwell in the paddock before the race. On the right, sitting pretty, are, l. to r.: Mrs. Maxwell Cunningham, Miss M. Leatham, Mrs. Claude Leatham, and Cdr. M. Cunningham, watching the racing from the top of their car.

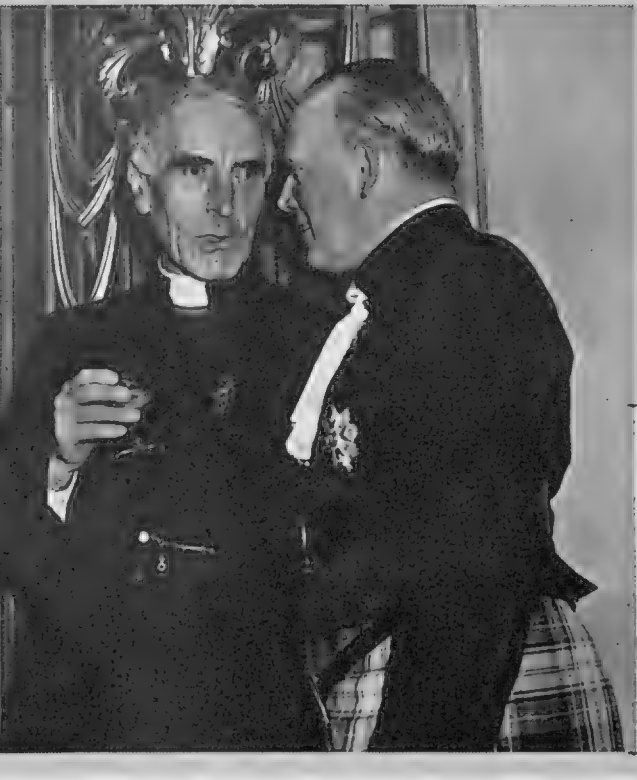
[Continued overleaf.

MARCH 11.
The Garth Hunt point-to-point was held at Tweseldown racecourse, Aldershot, which accounted for military figures present. Left-hand picture shows Miss A. Hillwood, who rode in Adjacent Hunts Ladies' race (won by Miss Betty Cooke, daughter of well-known racehorse owner and breeder, Sir William Cooke, on her horse Jack Hawley); Count and Countess Orssich, with small daughter Susan. On right, Major-Gen. Sir Hugh Stockwell, Cdt., R.M.C., Sandhurst, one of the judges, and Lady Stockwell.

MARCH 12.
Alnwick Castle, historic Border stronghold, and seat of Percy family since 1309, is the latest of England's great houses to be thrown open to the public, for reasons of financial upkeep—from May 5. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland are seen in their splendid library of 16,000 volumes, which occupies all the first floor of the Prudhoe Tower.

MARCH 14.
At St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Miss Solna Joel, last year's winner of Newmarket Town Plate, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope Joel, now of Bermuda, married Mr. Harry Thomson Jones, assistant trainer at Newmarket, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Victor Jones, of Broadway, Worcestershire.

MARCH 14.
Society and fashion packed Walker's Gallery where versatile Baroness Ines Taxis (left), with Lady Willingdon, held a one-man show of Italian and other paintings, portraits and landscapes. Among visitors were the Duchess of Kent, the Greek Ambassador, Lord and Lady Wavell.



MARCH 17.
St. Patrick's Day celebrated all over London in various ways. The National University of Ireland Club held its annual dinner, highlight of which was the entrance of a harp cut in ice. In picture Monsignor Browne with Lord Sempill, who, tho' a Scot, said he felt at home with Irish.

SKETCH

MARCH 17.
Welcome back to American Ambassador Mr. Lewis Douglas and his wife. They crossed on the "Q.E.", but flew from Cherbourg for important meeting at the Embassy; were met at Northolt by daughter Sharman.

MARCH 17.
Treasure-hunt snapshot from Isle of Mull shows the Duke of Argyll, with small son, Lord Lorne, chatting to a diver in naval vessel in Tobermory Bay. The Duke has just resumed spasmodic and age-old search for gold from Spanish galleon reputed sunk in the Bay from the Armada. Doubloons and other riches have been salvaged.

MARCH 18.
The Cottesmore Hunt point-to-point 'chases at Green's Lodge, Whissendine. Picture on left shows Mr. B. Haslegrave going to the weighing tent after winning the Cottesmore Members' and Farmers' race on his Sportsman III. Right, Miss Ursula Rank, Lady Mary Rose Williams, daughter of the ninth Duke of Grafton, and Miss Mimi Hallinan. Lord Belper's son and heir, Major the Hon. H. Strutt, won the Adjacent Hunts race on his Dromard King.

MARCH 18.
Down to Sandown for the Grand Military meeting. Here is Captain Tom Hanbury, The Life Guards, owner-trainer, rider, and winner on Tantivy of the Past and Present steeplechase, with Miss Deirdre Craig and her mother, Mrs. Tom Hanbury. In same race Lord Mildmay, on Con's Cottage, got bang on head when horse fell.

MARCH 18.
Here's a picture of Captain Naylor-Leyland chatting to Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill during the Woodland Foxhounds Hunter Trials at Potter's Farm, Ewelme, Oxfordshire. Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Harben at this meeting had a small triumph with their horse Moonlight, which did a clear round in the Open Hunter Trial.

DATE-BOOK

SKETCH DATE-BOOK

(Abroad)

MARCH 3.

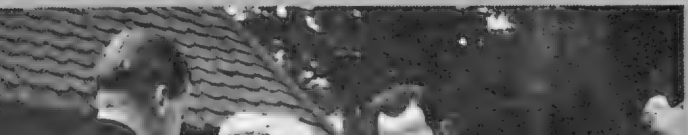
Monte Carlo. *Bal de l'Or at the Sporting Club, attended by many English. The Principality went "on the gold standard" for a night; Jewels the theme, and restaurant decorated with monster showcases holding facsimiles of famous jewels. Cartier showed real jewels, including fabulous pieces. Women introduced gold into their ensembles: skull-caps, head-dresses, sandals. Left: Princess Violette of Montenegro beside Mr. Kingsley Macomber, American donor of Macomber Gold Cup. Right, drawing numbers for prizes, Monegasque film star Nicole Courcel.*

MARCH 15.

Snapshot from Monte Carlo Golf Club shows Colonel Bruton, president, European Golf Federation, presenting Championship Cup to winner—British Mr. S. A. Schofield.

MARCH 15.

Funchal, Madeira. *L. to r.: Sir Ian and Lady Forbes-Leith, of Fyvie Castle, Aberdeenshire, Miss Forbes-Leith, Major Abercrombie, sunning themselves by the swimming-pool below Reid's Hotel, having descended rocky coastline by electric lift. In Madeira the sun shines more or less all the year round, and besides swimming there's sailing, fishing, golf, lawn tennis to be had.*



MARCH 15.

Kingston, Jamaica. *Miss Diana Huggins, daughter of H.E. the Governor-General and Lady Huggins, married Mr. Donald B. McKinney at Half-Way-Tree Parish Church. The Lord Bishop, Rt. Rev. B. M. Dale, enthroned the day before, performed the ceremony. Left: an usher, Mr. Denis Giek, the newly-marrieds, Anne Lindo and Michael Lightbourn, page. Right: Lady Huggins, the Hon. Herbert McKinney, the groom's father, and usher Mr. Bruce Barker. See our Jamaican Interlude pages for other pictures of Sir John Huggins, Lady Huggins and their daughter, besides various visitors to this paradise of sunshine.*

OUR THANKS FOR "BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN"

At a Guildhall banquet the Lord Mayor launched a £2,000,000 National Thanksgiving Fund to provide the University of London with extensions to house students from the Commonwealth and America, in gratitude for millions of food parcels received by Great Britain during the war. Princess Elizabeth spoke of parcels sent on her marriage and distributed. Funds raised at banquet: £400,000, including £1000 from their Majesties.

Accent on Youth

STUDENTS RAG FOR CHARITY

THE youthful high spirits and enthusiastic "rag" talent of students—medical and otherwise—have not been stifled by the bureaucratic blanket. Halted in their Hospital Days' collections by National Health Scheme *tabu*, their new outlet was a publicity Carnival through London streets in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, whose President is Prince Philip. This year—the Silver Jubilee Year of the Association—the theme was "1950-2000," and called for immense

From Chelsea Polytechnic, robot students clang out a dance number. Futurist *George* trips a cancan, while *Gorgeous Gussie* retains her lace panties.

Battersea Polytechnic students' *Machine of State* was ingenious. sweaters ; the cog-wheel slowly grinding out

From Westminster College on a float came three skin-clad savages gnawing raw bones, representing the aftermath of H-bomb warfare. L to r. : Mac Beardall, Doug. Frazer, Dennis Wright.

The winning tableau—
It is marked

ingenuity and powers of scrounging cardboard, glue, string, and so on. The cost was very low, £4 was allotted to each of the eighteen colleges and only £16 from the Central Committee's fund.

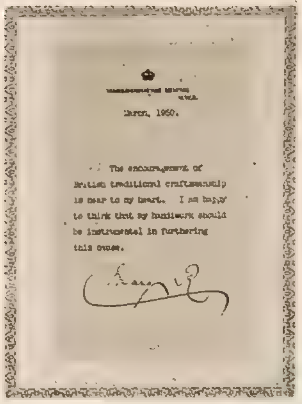
Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, Chairman of the N.P.F.A., and Lady Curtis-Bennett represented the charity as judges. Posters and handbills were passed to the crowds in lieu of the forbidden collecting-boxes; and these young people gave a gay look to London's streets; lots of free fun.

Note the battered appearance; the Soccer the affairs of a nation.

Glamorous, lovely Pauline Parr (left) and Clare Kistler, of St. Martin's School of Art, sweep the crowds with a glance from under heavily-mascaraed lashes.

Monorail Jet-car No. 99, entered by the Northampton Engineering College. "Round the world (*via* Russell Square) every 33 sec."

Film-actress Miss Carol Marsh was a judge. Behind, Frank Stern holds the Cup for the winning tableau.


March, 1950.

The encouragement of British traditional craftsmanship is near to my heart. I am happy to think that my handiwork should be instrumental in furthering this cause.

QUEEN MARY'S CARPET, ON A 9,000-MILE "DOLLAR TOUR" OF AMERICA AND CANADA, IS ACCOMPANIED BY A HANDSOME SOUVENIR, FROM WHICH THESE ILLUSTRATIONS ARE TAKEN.

OUR BOOKSHELF

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

TREASURES OF THE SNOW.

By Sheila Kaye-Smith.

(*Cassell*; 8s. 6d.)

IT is always interesting to find a novelist who is not to be diverted into experiment or the tricky violence of the times. Miss Kaye-Smith gives us another of her stories of the Kent and Sussex border, peopled with credible and lively characters. She is concerned with the elements and the seasons, with the farms and inns of her countryside, and, as always, she makes her reader feel her own concern with them. Her cool and graceful prose, her changing imagery, her quick understanding of motive, are here as they have been in each of her books since she published *The Tramping Methodist* while she was still in her 'teens. Moreover, she is one of the few modern writers who can successfully use dialect, and who is not afraid to tell a rustic love-story.

Her central characters here are Kemp Silverden and Alice Candelin. Kemp is a farmer whose young wife had died two years before the story opens, and who has had a lonely existence on his farm, delightfully called Eggs Hole. He spends his evenings at the local pub, kept by the pleasant Mr. Artlett and his daughter, where most of the local gossip is exchanged. He is at once recognisable, a hard-working, thoughtful man who might well be leaning against the bar of any inn in an agricultural area. He learns that his self-assured neighbour, Ronald Candelin, is going to sell his property and move to the Shires, and realises that he is distressed at this because he is in love with Candelin's wife. He and Alice are thrown together by a snowstorm, and cannot, even if they wish, escape one another's company for four days. Their story is told not only with tenderness and sympathy, but with quiet humour.

FINAL NIGHT.

By Robert Gaines.

(*Heinemann*; 8s. 6d.)

IT is so long since newspapers have been written in journalese that one is apt to forget the language until one finds a novel written in it. "Time, the eternal enemy," is against one of the characters, who takes "from the wire basket the latest products of the battered machines," and "agonises over" the young men who wanted to be writers and "helped to kill him four times a day." Another character has "a rime of whitish dust in the dented crown of his battered hat," and another shuffles cards with "uncanny dexterity" and licks a "preparatory thumb" and flicks "a non-existent speck from the turn-up of a trouser leg."

The story is one of those contrived affairs made by inter-weaving three series of incidents which reach their crises in a single day. There is the beautiful woman who is being tried for murder—lively scenes in court and strongly-etched lawyers. There is the refugee politician who is kidnapped as he arrives at the airport and is murdered at his country's Legation—exciting pursuits and concealments by the journalists concerned. And there is the more conventional story of the news editor's wife Susan, for whom her husband's "pride descended to the dust" but who returns to him. "The shame of her yesterdays filled her mind as she listened to the sound of Granger's breathing as he explored his to-morrow."

It is curious that good novels about Fleet Street are as rare as good novels about the theatre. The two backgrounds would seem to offer plenty of life and colour, but to have a devitalising effect on the authors who approach them.

Books in Brief

THE DUKAYS.
By Lajos Zilahy. (*Heinemann*; 12s. 6d.)

A vast tapestry depicting the last years of splendour for an aristocratic Hungarian family. With considerable virtuosity the author makes real a score of minor characters and completes the whole with the outbreak of the last war. A Hungarian *Forsyte Saga* is perhaps too facile a description, but it will indicate the book's scope.

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP.
By Barbara Willard. (*Macmillan*; 10s. 6d.)

Novel about Sir Philip Sidney. Able and convincing, but suffering from the weakness of all stories which are ruled by historical facts.

CHANGING VALLEY.
By Crichton Porteous. (*Michael Joseph*; 12s. 6d.)

The longest of this author's "down on the farm" novels. Derbyshire dialect and lots of landscape.

TENDER MERCY.

By Lenard Kaufman.

(*Macmillan*; 9s. 6d.)

THIS is an unusual American story which successfully takes one of the perennial themes of authors—blackmail, and makes from it something clear-cut and moving. Sam Ballard is a decent, conscientious newspaper proprietor who has retired from the active direction of his paper. He is a generous and friendly soul, a literary descendant of David Harum. His wife is a gentle, handsome woman, and they have only one insistent tragedy in their lives, an idiot son called Aaron. Even this problem seems to have been solved for them by the presence in the pleasant country home of a young married woman called Elizabeth, who is the only living person who can "handle" Aaron. The sad, dribbling creature, who is twenty-one but wears a child's clothes, adores Elizabeth. He is docile and contented so long as she is near him, but violent, even dangerous, when she leaves him even for a few hours.

Elizabeth's husband has been in a T.B. hospital (at Sam Ballard's expense) and returns to his wife. He quickly sizes up the situation and commences coldly, steadily and quite pitilessly to blackmail the Ballards. If he takes Elizabeth away, Aaron will have to be put under restraint, which will almost certainly kill him, and he uses his power with such impudence and cunning that the reader is driven to look for a means of escape for Sam Ballard, almost as eagerly as Sam himself. There is a telling and unexpected climax to the story, which is written for the most part with commendable ease and understanding. But there seems to me to be one major flaw—the behaviour in these grim circumstances of the girl Elizabeth. It is not enough to say that she was so much in love with her husband that she could close her mind to his crime. Her character becomes flatly unreal through an inconsistency carelessly handled. All the same, it is a book to recommend.

INTO AN OLD ROOM.

By Peter de Polnay.

(*Secker and Warburg*; 12s. 6d.)

SINCE Mr. A. J. A. Symons wrote his excellent *Quest for Corvo* there have been several attempts to write biography as a personal adventure, the incidents of which are discoveries by the writer about his subject. This is one of the least successful of them. Mr. de Polnay lived for a time in one of Edward Fitzgerald's homes, and this gave him an interest in that controversial figure which accounts for the present book. It attempts a description of some of Mr. de Polnay's own life at Boulge Hall, and a reconstruction of Fitzgerald's. The former is uninteresting, the latter prejudiced and shallow. The only new material he has apparently found consists of an execrable portrait by Thomas Churchyard and two not very important letters. These are supplemented by a great deal of guesswork, mostly at the expense of Fitzgerald's wife. She is depicted as designing and masterful, the cause of most of the poet's unhappiness and eccentricity. There may be truth in this portrait, but it is not shown here, and the reader is left feeling that she has been treated without careful consideration. There is no very serious attempt at literary criticism, and such personal afterthoughts as "I remember in the 'twenties, which were, after all, not bad years, a dear lady with jade ear-rings and Liberty gowns explaining to me that the *Rubá'iyát* had urged her to adultery," do little to help our understanding either of Fitzgerald or his work.

Courtesy : The Fine Art Society.

Sir William Russell Flint, R.A.

LEDA AND THE DRYADS

THE ESC

H. H. Harris

SCAPIST

David Wright

WRIGHT AGAIN

CHOICE OF THE MONTH

Selected by our Panel of Experts

LITERATURE.—Sheila Kaye-Smith : For another vintage novel of the Kent and Sussex border—*Treasures of the Snow.*

SCREEN.—Richard Wattis, whose meticulous comedy performance in *The Happiest Days of Your Life* reinforces the impression he left in the stage production of *Ring Round the Moon* as a stylist of the first order.

C. A. Lejeune

RADIO.—Bill Dalton, the Cockney rat-catcher : For showing Londoners a city they did not know, and for being a first-rate broadcaster.

Frederick Laws

STAGE.—John Gielgud : For his superbly-spoken performance of the frigid hypocrite, Angelo, in Peter Brook's revival of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* at Stratford-upon-Avon.

J. C. Trewin

THE THEATRE

"THE WAY THINGS GO" Since the comedy (Phœnix Theatre) is by Frederick Lonsdale, there is no need to map the way things go. Seasoned playgoers realise that the cast will be strewn with titles, and that witticisms will be flashing more or less like a society of kingfishers in the sun. Now and then the sun is clouded and the plumage is drab; but, generally, Lonsdale manages to sustain the reputation of his private Debrett. We feel like Daisy Ashford's Mr. Salteena: "He sat on a velvit chair and quite enjoyed over hearing the intelligent conversation." There is a plot, the pursuit of one of the Duke's brothers by a young American who contrives, without benefit of epigram, to dominate the play. But it is an evening of talk rather than action. Glynis Johns, who is like a grave and husky daffodil, and Michael Gough, with his expressive twist of the mouth, are most happily cast as huntress and hunted, and there are plenty of people to toss the epigrams.

First of these is Ronald Squire, who has always had a remarkable feeling for the shape and weight of a phrase, and whose timing has a deadly assurance. No doubt Mr. Squire would deny any of this and say that he merely speaks the lines. But it is clear that he was born to speak Lonsdale. I am still wondering, by the way, about the family tree of the Bristols, and where one puts in the Duke presented so immaculately (by Squire) in *On Approval* years ago. Lonsdale must alarm any theatrical genealogist. The current Duke of Bristol is a dim bulb—switched on neatly by Peter Macdonell—to whom someone says: "Stop being a Duke, George, there are no strangers present." In the rest of the family one remembers Kenneth More as a brother who, in any Elizabethan play, would be shouting "Wine, ho!"; Cecily Byrne as an aunt, and Tristan Rawson delightfully bland as her husband, a Bishop of whom somebody observes: "It was a great loss to religion when he became a clergyman." A bouquet, too, for Frances Waring as a paragon of cottagers, one of the few personages without a title.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE" At Stratford-upon-Avon the curtain has been up for only two minutes when, down a long vista lighted by flaring cressets, Angelo of Vienna, frigid and thin-lipped, hastens to receive his commission from the Duke. "Always obedient to your grace's will, I come to know your pleasure." The voice is John Gielgud's, and the lines begin a remarkable study, one that will live in Shakespearean record. Not many people would say that *Measure for Measure* is their favourite play. But in spite of its bitterness and muddled construction, it can always make its strong effect in the theatre. The best course, as ever, is not to be flurried by commentators, but to study the piece for oneself in performance. The present Stratford production is even better, on the whole, than the

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."—Maxine Audley as Mariana, Barbara Jefford as Isabella, and Harry Andrews as the Friar (the Duke disguised) in Peter Brook's production for the 1950 Shakespeare Festival.

By J. C. Trewin

Laughton-Robson revival at the Vic in 1933. Angelo, in the phrase of another play, is " hot ice and wondrous strange snow " : Gielgud takes us with compelling power through the man's scenes of harshness, temptation and final shame. Already Barbara Jefford's youth and fervour speak eloquently for Isabella; with experience her command will grow. Harry Andrews deals gently with the disguised Duke, though one misses the magic of such a simple line as "Come away; it is almost clear dawn." George Rose's Pompey is a plump and cheerful "spiv," and Alan Badel's Claudio gets to the heart of the matter.

One should employ that last phrase for Peter Brook's production. This is masterly. The play moves with flowing ease through the framework of a permanent set designed by Brook himself (with Michael Northen and Kegan Smith); the stage is continuously alive, and the players are fortified—never overburdened—by a set of imaginative ingenuities. Brook is faithful to the text, and he has seen to it that wherever the action shifts, to convent, prison, or city gate, the eye as well as the ear is satisfied. Personally, I may remember, above all, the long and daring last-act pause when Isabella hesitates before begging the life of Angelo. It stays in the mind with that other " Brook pause " four years ago towards the end of a very different piece, *Love's Labour's Lost.*

" MR. GILLIE " The man in the title of James Bridie's play at the Garrick is the schoolmaster of Crult, a Scottish village somewhere in the Lowlands. He is good company—as acted by Alastair Sim he could hardly be otherwise—a gentle, eager soul who, though a failure in the world's view, is destined for immortality with John Wesley and Abraham Lincoln. The odd judgment is just one of Bridie's whims. His little piece is framed in brief dialogues between a Judge and a Procurator who appear, one on each side of the stage, as if in the boxes of a puppet-show, and discuss the man's right to be an immortal. The device does not really help a simple anecdote, which shows that though none of Gillie's pupils brought fame to Crult, he did what he could by opening the cages and letting the birds have a chance to fly before a cat pounced upon them.

The particular birds in this comedy are a pit-boy and a doctor's daughter, one a prospective literary genius, one destined for fame as a violinist. Alas, when boy and girl, after a clandestine marriage, return to Crult from London, they appear as a prosperous " spiv " disguised as a film critic—what have film critics done to deserve this ?—and as a wife, looking like a peevish budgerigar, to match. They are presented with good humour by George Cole and Janet Brown; and, in the major parts, Alastair Sim and Megs Jenkins do all they can, most gamely, to persuade us that the rambling, repetitive tale approaches Bridie's usual form in the theatre.

" MR. GILLIE."—Alastair Sim (left) in a scene from James Bridie's new comedy at the Garrick Theatre, with George Cole, Janet Brown and Megs Jenkins. The play is produced by Alastair Sim.

SHOWS IN BRIEF

KNOX, GOLD, FLANAGAN, NAUGHTON.

" KNIGHTS OF MADNESS " (Victoria Palace).—The Crazy Gang, Bud Flanagan leading, is at home again, stampeding through its own palace and kicking up the expected dust.

VIC OLIVER, JOSEPHINE BELL.

" LATIN QUARTER, 1950 " (Casino).—The second instalment of the serial revue. Soho, after a few months' dallying with Little Miss Muffet, has now returned to normal.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

AJA VRZANOVA, for skating her way to political freedom.

THE WILKS BROTHERS and ENGINEER BELL, for giving Britain a world lead in gas turbine cars.

THE eighteen-year-old Czech ice star, Aja Vrzanova, twice World's Figure Skating Champion, has obtained permission from the Home Office to remain in England. The rest of the Czechoslovak team, which competed in the World Championships at Wembley recently, has flown back to Prague.

ON its public try-out on the Silverstone Circuit, Northants, the first gas turbine car swept round the 3-mile track at 90 m.p.h. and earned for itself the name "Whizzard" from hundreds of motoring experts from all over the world. At the wheel sat Maurice C. Wilks, chief engineer of the Rover Company, responsible for the car's development. He is seen (above left) with his brother, S. B. Wilks (managing director), and F. R. Bell, who is the Engineer in Charge of this turbine project.

HAPPY winner of the City of London Telephone Queen competition is nineteen-year-old Miss Josephine Wall (callers can dial her on the WATerloo Exchange). The silver trophy is backed by a handsome money prize.

CHAMPION jockey Gordon Richards, with twenty-one years' outstanding success on the Turf behind him, was presented with golden spurs by Sporting Life at a luncheon recently at the Savoy Hotel for racing people. Richards has ridden 3966 winners.

JOSEPHINE WALL, for being the City of London's prettiest telephonist.

GORDON RICHARDS, for winning his (golden) spurs.

. . . AND WE APPLAUD

STEPHEN GOODEN, R.A.,

For his admirable design for a tapestry of the Queen's Coat-of-Arms.

THIS fine cartoon incorporating her Majesty's Coat-of-Arms, designed by Mr. Stephen Gooden, C.B.E., R.A., was shown at the recent Arts Council Exhibition of Edinburgh Tapestries. It is being woven by the Edinburgh Tapestry Company at the Dovecote Studios, Corstorphine, which are directed by Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart, brother of Lord Bute. Edinburgh Tapestries owes its existence to the initiative of the grandfather of the present peer, who used to weave tapestries at his home, Mount Stuart, Rothesay. Mr. Gooden also designed the Royal bookplates for the Windsor Library, and those for the Queen and the two Princesses.

Christopher Fry's fifteenth-century verse comedy, *The Lady's Not for Burning*, came to TV screens recently with Carol Marsh in the part of Alizon Eliot, and Richard Burton as an orphaned clerk, in the little market town delightfully named Cool Clary. George More O'Ferrall produced.

The Lady's Not for Burning, until recently at London's Globe Theatre, was shown to TV viewers with most of the stage cast. Alec Clunes played a discharged soldier who wished to be hanged; Pamela Brown the non-incendiary witch. They fall in love and escape.

National Children's Safety Week began on March 19. Barrie Edgar, helped by the Royal Society for Prevention of Accidents, and Claude Hulbert (who was keen to wear his old school cap and blazer again) showed young TV viewers how they can make roads safer for everyone.

For the French President's visit to Britain, actors from the Comédie Française, Paris, gave a special TV performance of the last scene of Shakespeare's *Othello* in their own tongue. Above, Aimé Clariond (Othello) and the lovely Renée Faure (Desdemona) in the tragic fifth act.

TELEVISION

by CYRIL BUTCHER

WE find ourselves a little shaken by the fact that, within the space of a week, no fewer than three of our friends have declared that they simply loath television. To an enthusiast who fondly believes that Life emanates exclusively from Alexandra Palace, that sort of thing comes as quite a shock. Perhaps it is a salutary one; it certainly is one which deserves investigation.

So with our inquisitive nose set at a determined angle, we sallied forth to get a few more reactions to television. Time and energy being strictly limited, we did not attempt a private "Gallup Poll" of public opinion, but concentrated on the views of those who are at the helm of the entertainment industry. What, for instance, did the West End theatrical managements think of this controversial newcomer? Did they regard television as a potential menace to their interests or not?

At once we found ourselves skating on rather delicate ice. The Theatrical Managers' Association begged to be excused from making a statement. Apparently, the relations between television and the theatre are, at the moment, the subject of febrile negotiation between the two. Well, if it leads to a cessation of mutual sour grapes, then our personal benison be upon their deliberations. But our quiz had not got any forrarder. Nor did we get any change out of Hugh Beaumont (head of H. M. Tennent Ltd.), who politely replied that he had no opinions about television. With Tom Arnold, we never penetrated beyond the secretarial stone wall. It was from the Dean of showmen, Sir Charles Cochran, that we got the sort of answer we wanted.

"Television, in its infancy, is already arousing great interest and this is bound to increase. So we must recognise it as a new factor in the entertainment world," he said. "And far from harming the theatre, it will, if anything, strengthen public interest in it. But as television's inspiration, material and performers will largely be derived from the theatre, a way must be found for the two to share the benefits equally."

Going from the Dean to the youngest showman, Peter Daubeny, we found much the same attitude. He considers that television is an incentive to the public, that it whets the appetite for plays. Also having recently seen *Craven House* (in which he has an interest) on our set, he realises

Anton Chekhov's famous drama *The Seagull* was given a two-studio TV production, with outdoor settings by Barry Learoyd. Nina, the daughter of a rich land-owner (Luise Rainer, above), is in love with Trigorin, a celebrated writer (Michael Hordern).

Bransby Williams, a great actor of nearly eighty, took the lead in Michael Barry's TV production of *The Bells*—one of the most famous of the old Lyceum melodramas—as Mathias, the innkeeper in a small village in Alsace. His daughter Annette is played by Hilda Schroder.

that here is an instructive method for a manager to try out a new play.

On the other hand, Stephen Mitchell is of the opinion that Alexandra Palace works on the wrong lines. "They do too many plays. As such, television is in direct competition with the theatre, which is the proper home for them."

The cinema industry is waiting and watching anxiously. Meanwhile it adopts an attitude of suspicious non-co-operation and will not allow one foot of new film to be shown by television. It cannot believe that the public will spend their brass at the local cinema if they can see the same film at their firesides.

As for promoters of sport, some are blowing hot, others cold. On the taboo list are professional football and professional boxing; also racecourses—with the exception of Hurst Park and Kempton Park. But at places like Wimbledon, the Outside Broadcasts Department is gladly given the best facilities. We certainly did not find the Centre Court any less crowded last year by reason of the matches being televised.

Who is right? The answer, of course, lies entirely with you, gentle viewer. Would you keep away from a theatre because you could see the show on your screen? What about a race, or a fight, or a match? We really would like to know, and if you could spare the time to tell us, we'd be very happy.

MEANWHILE, Ally Pally plods on.

Lately, we had an interesting production from Harold Clayton of Chekhov's *The Seagull*, which struck us as having just the right satirical note, justified by the author's designation of it as a comedy. There was a fine performance by Michael Hordern as Trigorin, while Jeanne de Casalis as Madame Arkadina was deliciously feathery. Luise Rainer's version of Nina, to which we had been looking forward, proved an embarrassing disappointment. Someone should tell her to stop rolling her eyes. It made us dizzy.

Full marks all round for an opportunity well taken, on the occasion of the French President's State visit. The "O.B.s" of his arrival with Mme. Vincent Auriol, at Victoria, being greeted by the King and Queen; the Guildhall luncheon, and the visit to Covent Garden—these were all beautifully done. An atmosphere of dignity, yet of intense human interest was the feature of all of them. Congratulations to the (unfortunately anonymous) cameramen, and to the commentators, Richard Dimbleby and Wynford Vaughan Thomas. The former had a tough time in the foyer of Covent Garden, when the Royal party was fifteen minutes behind schedule. It was a triumph of "filling-in," and one's interest was never lost.

At the same time, Eric Fawcett brought over a company of players from the Comédie Française, and presented them in a scene from Georges Neveux's French version of *Othello*. The French like their "Comedians" to act as if they had red blood in their veins. Aimé Clariond's Othello was certainly full-blooded—and full-throated. We got quite a kick out of it.

Mr. Fawcett also imported another company from Paris. This time it was an American one, who gave us *Hallo—Out There*, a one-acter by William Saroyan. Not a pleasant play—not even a good one, but, as a jailbird who gets lynched, it provides a wonderful opportunity for a fine young actor whose name we might do well to bear in mind—Jamie Schmitt.

We also enjoyed *Lady Precious Stream* and *The Lady's Not for Burning*; but lest we be accused of concentrating too much on drama, we will register an appreciation of Campoli, who gave us a short violin recital accompanied by Josephine Lee. Even if Mr. Campoli's choice of pieces was on the popular side, his playing was immaculate. But surely, in an evening performance, one could have expected him to wear tails and not a lounge suit? A slight matter, perhaps, but it ruined the pictorial effect for us.

OUR CRITIC'S BOUQUET GOES TO . . .

RICHARD DIMBLEBY: For his many fine commentaries and especially for his heroic effort to sustain interest during a lull in proceedings when the President of France attended a gala performance at Covent Garden.

" THE ASTONISHED HEART."—Set in a make-believe world of cocktails, chandeliers and casuistry, with Noel Coward and Celia Johnson (in picture), and Margaret Leighton as the Other Woman.

" THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE."—The happiest version of John Dighton's fresh and witty comedy, with (seen above) Margaret Rutherford, Joyce Grenfell and Alastair Sim.

THE CINEMA

★

REVIEWS

By C. A. Lejeune

" THE ASTONISHED HEART."

Until *The Astonished Heart* was shown to an audience whose own hearts were quickly more stunned than astonished, there was hope that the screen had at last abandoned its preoccupation with psychiatry as a suitable subject for film treatment. It never was a very good idea to attempt to simplify one of the most difficult and highly-skilled aspects of mental medicine to make an entertainment for the one-and-threepennies. This Noel Coward film version of Noel Coward's fifteen-year-old play, with music by Noel Coward and with Noel Coward playing the leading rôle, demonstrates this point *ad nauseam*.

Noel Coward was, if not the product, at least the interpreter of an age—the age of Bright Young Things and the brittle, precious chatter of the Mayfair drawing-rooms between the wars. The age died. Noel Coward remained. It is time film-makers woke up to the implications of this simple truth. Perhaps it is even time that Noel Coward himself woke up to it.

This story of a psychiatrist (Noel Coward), who is married to a would-be-rational wife (Celia Johnson), and who falls in love with his wife's friend (Margaret Leighton), just won't do. A man who is " one of the most celebrated psychiatrists in the world, dear," would have known how to handle his own emotional crisis better than to see suicide as the only possible solution. He might even have put himself, for instance, into the hands of a fellow-psychiatrist. Nor is it really believable that his wife, however rational, would have urged him to " go away with her—take two months, three months if necessary—go to the most lovely, beautiful place you can think of—relax utterly—give yourself up to loving her without any sense of strain or responsibility—don't think about work or me or any of the things that are standing in the way——" I don't think one of the most celebrated psychiatrists in the world would, during his wife's absence in the country, have entered up all his engagements with her friend in his professional diary, and then carelessly leave the diary open on his desk for her to find the moment she returns. I don't think such a man would have talked madly to himself in the presence of his patients. I don't think such a genius would have misunderstood motives and misconstrued actions like the veriest lovesick schoolboy. I don't think any of it could ever have happened.

It is all a make-believe world of cocktails, chandeliers and casuistry. It has none of the warm humanity and real understanding of *Brief Encounter*. It isn't even tinged with the genuine satire of a trifle like *Dance Little Lady*. It is as remote from reality as a scene in a pantomime and not nearly so amusing. You don't really perform an alchemic feat by covering tinsel with layers of artificial tinsel.

Noel Coward has miscast himself sadly as the psychiatrist, the part turned down by Michael Redgrave (who evidently knew a thing or two). Celia Johnson, whose chief rôle is to look valiantly miserable, succeeds in doing so. Margaret Leighton, looking lovely and fighting hard against a part that would have baffled genius to bring to life, succeeds as well as anyone could have hoped. A saddening experiment for everyone concerned. It is to be hoped that film producers now really will decide that psychiatry has had its day, and give it a long-overdue retirement.

" THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE."

Here is a slick film edition of the well-known John Dighton farce, and much the happiest version we have been given. Frank Launder and John Dighton were wise in largely discarding the original play and writing wholly for the screen. The result is a comedy that has freshness, wit and pace, and an all-round competence that is a credit to the entire cast and production unit. The story of how, owing to an error by the Ministry of Education (Resettlement Department), a girls' school was sent to share accommodation with a boys' school was, from the beginning, a bright idea full of possibilities—dangerous possibilities, too, since farce can so easily become tedious and exasperating. But Frank Launder has seen to it that the whole thing is played seriously, and that every part is tackled earnestly. The effect is that the comedy emerges naturally from the situations and is not violently forced out by the antics of the actors. Alastair Sim as the harassed headmaster, and Margaret Rutherford as the terrifyingly competent headmistress, are superbly cast, and dovetail their parts into one of the best comedy performances the British screen has yet given us. Richard Wattis as the cynical mathematics master, and Joyce Grenfell as Miss (" call me Sausage ") Gossage, the sports mistress, are a joy in all they do, and the swarms of boys and girls, handled in masterly fashion by Frank Launder, go to it with a restrained gusto that is never allowed to get out of hand.

It is not often that film editors get the acknowledgment they deserve, but Oswald Hafenrichter, who cut this film, has done a split-second job that should be a model to all comedy handlers. It is so easy to overplay a situation till the fun loses its savour—but Frank Launder never overstrains a point. It is so easy to kill a scene by over-stretching it—but Oswald Hafenrichter has shown a sense of timing that never allows a single frame to spoil his effects. It is all a very jolly affair, very British, with the snug air of a private family joke that outsiders cannot and are not expected to share. It is a pity that it has taken the film industry so long to realise that there are domestic products that, rightly handled, might have avoided the disasters that have come about largely through chasing the Will-o'-the-wisp of international markets. Let's have a lot more films like this—a *lot* more.

FILMS IN BRIEF

" CHAIN LIGHTNING."—Humphrey Bogart as a test pilot of jet planes and Raymond Massey as their manufacturer in a film that amounts to practically nothing at all. Since no acting is required from anyone, it is only fair to say that the photography is very good.

✲

" BITTER RICE."—An unusual Italian film set in the Italian rice-fields that would have been much better if the director had been able to decide whether he wanted to make a documentary or a melodrama. In the end the rice-fields suffer badly at the hands of a sordid story of theft and passion, but the film is worth seeing for the appearance of that astonishing young newcomer to the screen, Silvana Mangano.

✲

" RIDING HIGH."—A curious concoction of horse-racing and episodic farce in which Bing Crosby is unprovided with a single good song, and everyone makes as much noise as possible in the endeavour to convince us that a good time is being had by all—including us. The effect is not by any means what was hoped.

✲

" KISS IN THE DARK."—Jane Wyman and David Niven completely wasted in a silly story of a pianist who becomes the owner of an apartment house. An hour and a half between the beginning and the end is ninety minutes too much.

. . . and PREVIEWS

(*Right.*) Bob Hope and Lucille Ball star together in Paramount's new Technicolor comedy, *Fancy Pants*, due to be shown in London sometime this year. In the film, Bob, as a bogus butler, is called upon to produce an eye-catching hair-do for Lucille. Here, on the right, is the finished result complete with bird-cage and live canary nestling in her Titian curls.

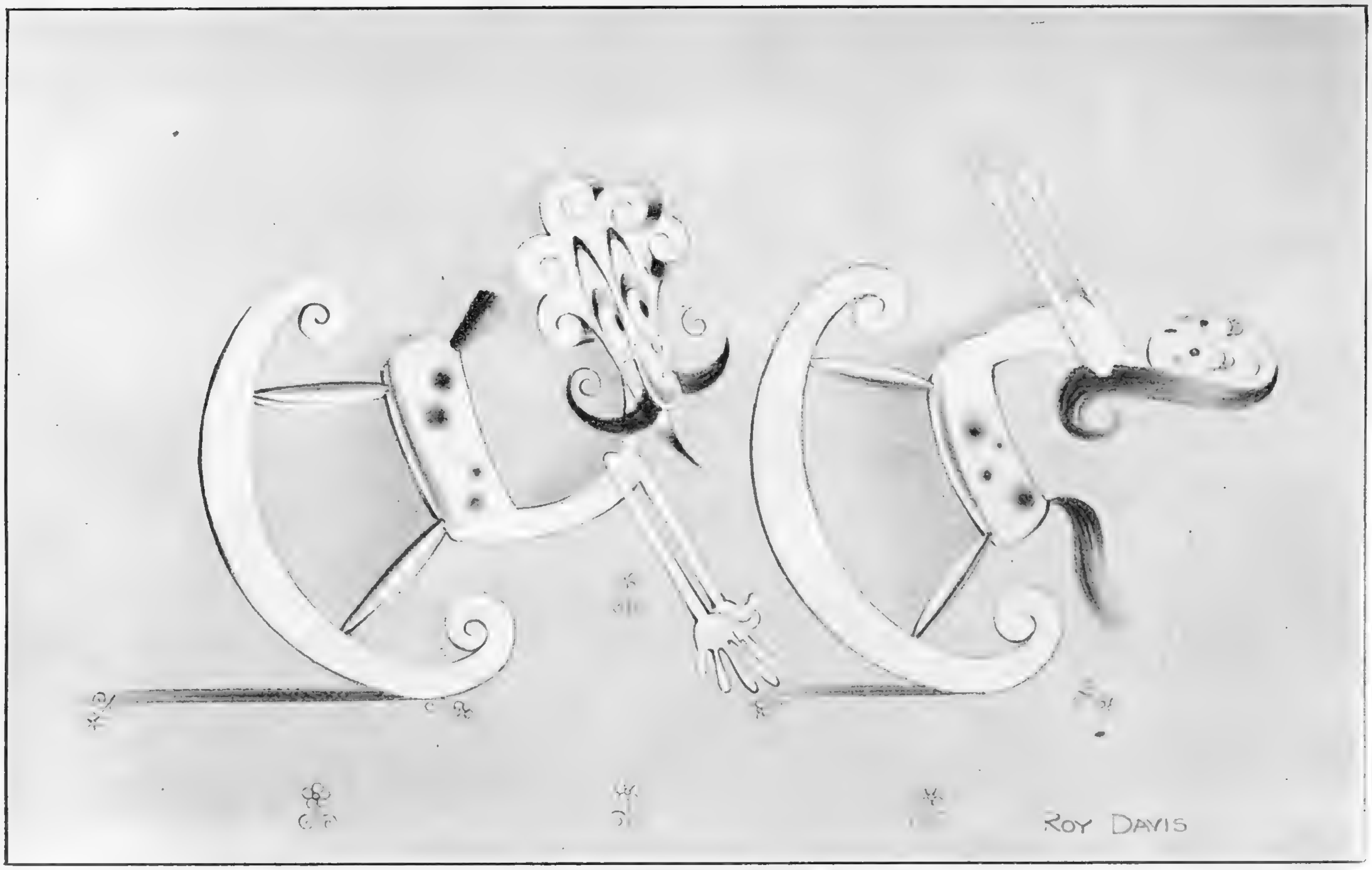
Cecil Parker and Anne Crawford in *Tony Draws a Horse*, which has been adapted from the successful stage comedy by Lesley Storm. They take the part of a surgeon and a psychiatrist who have a joint practice in Harpole Street, and who are also husband and wife. The story centres upon the fact that they cannot agree upon the upbringing of their small son, Tony.

INTERNATIONAL

Specially drawn for "The Sketch"

SPRING

by Tony Wasilewski.



INCOMPATIBILITY

Drawn by ROY DAVIS.

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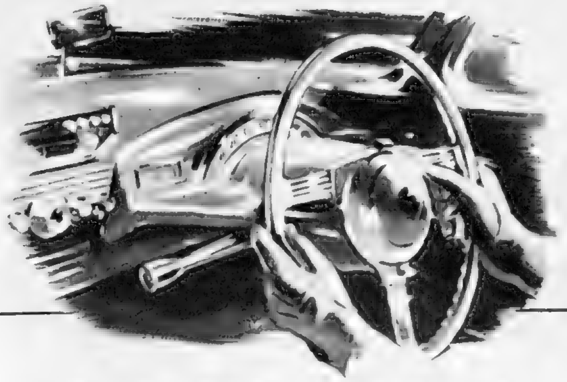

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JUNE: — Every week-end: Golf-Tennis Match—Regattas—Theatre.

JULY: —

1st	Rally of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain.
2nd	Golf match between Royal Aero Club and Aero Club de France.
8th-12th	International Horse Show.
11th-20th	Pigeon Shooting (6,500,000 de Prix).
16th	"Concours d'Elegance" reserved for yachts of the "Poole Harbour Yacht Club."
16th-19th	International Regattas.
19th-20th	Cruiser yacht race Deauville—St. Valery.
21st-23rd	Thion de la Chaume Golf Competition.
25th-26th	Tennis and Golf Competitions between British and French M.P.'s.
27th-30th	Deauville Cup at the Sporting Tennis Club. (Races at Clairefontaine during July).

AUGUST: — Horse Racing, Sale of Yearlings—Polo.

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WHAT GOES ON

Our Puppets Select Their List of Coming Events

★ *This List went to Press last week, so please check with the Daily Papers.*

CUPID

The engagement is announced between:

Lieut. Thomas A. Wells, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Lionel and Lady Wells, The Owlery Tarves, Aberdeenshire, and April, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Evelyn T. Wickham, of Rokeby Lodge, Bathford, Somerset.

Derek John, son of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Seth-Smith, 11, Kingston House, S.W.7, and Jean Halcro, daughter of the late Sir Alexander and Lady Erskine-Hill.

David, son of Captain Robert Somerset, of Drayton House, East Meon, Hampshire, and Lady Caroline Thynne, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath.

Captain William G. Peek, 9th Lancers, of Hazelwood, Loddiswell, S. Devon, son of the late Captain R. G. Peek, and of the Hon. Mrs. Peek, and Lucy Jane, daughter of the late Major Edward Dorrien Smith, and of Mrs. Dorrien Smith, of Weir Point, Restronguet, Falmouth.

Anthony Cornwallis, son of Lt.-Col. J. C. Petherick, and the Hon. Mrs. Petherick, of Hextall Court, Peckham Bush, near Tonbridge, Kent, and Karin Rosamund, daughter of Mr. A. V. Burbury, of London, and Mrs. V. Gerhardi, of Stockholm.

Angus Mervyn, son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. Ralph Campbell and of the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Campbell, The Manor House, Padworth, Reading, Berks., and Rosemary Madeline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Fraser, of Mill Place, Stanton Drew, Somerset.

Major Sidney John Watson, Royal Engineers, son of the late Mr. Wilfred Watson, and of Mrs. Bagwell, of Marlfield, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, and Diana Christian, daughter of Col. Sir Joseph and Lady Nall, of Hoveringham Hall, Nottinghamshire.

Ian Malcolm, son of the late Dr. J. N. Clark, and of Mrs. Edgar Buckley, and Pamela Susan, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. C. Petherick, and the Hon. Mrs. Petherick, of Hextall Court, Peckham Bush, Kent.

John Oliver, son of Mr. J. V. Roberts, of Llangurig, Montgomeryshire, and Mrs. Fischer, of Haselor, Warwickshire, and Lady Hermione Stuart, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Moray, Darnaway Castle.

SPORT

RACING

March	31.	Newbury.
April	1.	"
"	3, 4.	Nottingham.
"	4.	Sandown.
"	5.	Fontwell.
"	5, 6.	Salisbury.
"	8, 10.	Kempton.
"	12-14.	Newmarket Craven.
"	12, 13.	Bath.

GENERAL SPORT

Rugby Football: British *v.* French Army at Twickenham, April 1.

Golf: Sunningdale Foursomes, at Sunningdale on March 29-31. Berkshire Trophy Open Meeting, Berkshire, on April 1-2. Victory Cup at Broadstairs on April 7-10.

Motor Racing: Goodwood Circuit Racing for racing and sports cars on April 10.

Rowing: Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race at Putney on April 1.

Rackets: Public Schools Championship from April 3-6; Open Doubles Championship April 5 and 6; Amateur Singles Championship April 11-15, all at Queen's Club.

Squash Rackets: Open Championship at the Lansdowne Club from April 12-17.

Boxing: Army Officers Individual Championships at Aldershot from March 27-30. Jack Solomons' Boxing Tournament on April 4 and London Championships on April 5, at the Royal Albert Hall.

HUNT BALLS

The Hursley Hunt Wire Fund Ball will take place at Romsey College on April 10.

The New Forest Hunt Ball at Rhinefield, Brockenhurst, April 14.

The South Berks Hunt Ball at Marleston House, Hermitage, April 14.

ENTERTAINMENT

STAGE

Old Favourites

"Oklahoma!" . . . . Drury Lane.
"Annie Get Your Gun" . Coliseum.
"Traveller's Joy" . . . Criterion.
"The Heiress" . . . . Haymarket.
"Harvey" . . . . . . Piccadilly.
"Brigadoon" . . . His Majesty's.
"Black Chiffon" . . Westminster.
"Worm's Eye View" . . Whitehall.
"Beaux' Stratagem" . . . . Lyric.
"On Monday Next" . . . Comedy.
"Young Wives' Tale" . . . Savoy.
"A Streetcar Named Desire" Aldwych.
"King's Rhapsody" . . . Palace.
"Treasure Hunt" . . . . Apollo.

Recent Choices

"Castle in the Air" (Adelphi)—Alan Melville's comedy, with Jack Buchanan and Coral Browne.

"Murder at the Vicarage" (Playhouse)—A good Agatha Christie whodunnit, with Barbara Mullen.

"Queen Elizabeth Slept Here" (Strand)—Dulcie Gray and Michael Denison in light comedy.

"Venus Observed" (St. James's)—Christopher Fry's exquisite verse spoken by Laurence Olivier, Valerie Taylor, George Relph, Heather Stannard and Denholm Elliot.

"Ring Round the Moon" (Globe)—a soufflé by Jean Anouilh translated by Christopher Fry, produced by Peter Brook and decorated by Oliver Messel; with Margaret Rutherford, Paul Scofield and Claire Bloom.

"Larger Than Life" (Duke of York's)—American actress Jessie Royce Landis in adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel "Theatre."

"Take It From Here" (Prince of Wales)—Jimmy Edwards, Joy Nichols and Dick Bentley in a stage version of the radio success.

"The Way Things Go" (Phœnix)—a new Lonsdale comedy with Ronald Squire, Glynis Johns and Michael Gough.

"Mr. Gillie" (Garrick)—Alastair Sim in Bridie's latest play.

"Home at Seven" (Wyndham's)—Ralph Richardson in R. C. Sherriff's latest play.

Just Arrived or Due Shortly

"Sauce Piquante" (Cambridge)—successor to "Sauce Tartare." Early April.

"The Holly and the Ivy" (Lyric, Hammersmith)—with Jane Baxter and Herbert Lomas.

"The Platinum Set" (Saville)—about New York's "smart set" with Elspeth March, March 30.

"The Trial" (Winter Garden)—a dramatisation of Franz Kafka's novel, with Swedish star Frank Sündstrom. April 12.

MUSIC

At the Royal Albert Hall:

Mass in B minor (Bach), by The Goldsmiths' Choral Union and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Adrian Boult on March 29.

London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent with solo pianoforte by Abbey Simon. April 2.

Concert in aid of Congress House Trust, Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Raphael Kubelik, and solo violin Mischa Elman. April 6.

Messiah (Handel) by London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. April 7.

Programme of Ballet Music. London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Basil Cameron. April 9.

OPERA

At Sadler's Wells: The opera season continues, but there will be no performance on April 7.

The Covent Garden Opera Company will be touring until April 15. Their repertory includes "The Olympians" and "Peter Grimes."

BALLET

At Covent Garden: The Sadler's Wells Ballet will give performances at the Royal Opera House every night. On April 5 the first performance of "Ballet Imperial," with music by Tchaikovsky. No performance on April 7 (Good Friday).

At Sadler's Wells: Ballet performances are given every Saturday matinée. On April 1 the second performance of "Summer Interlude."

ART

At Victoria and Albert: Public-house Designs and Hand-made Furniture, from April 6.

Tate Gallery: "The Private Collector." Exhibition of works by members of Contemporary Art Society. Until April 23.

Hanover Gallery, W.1: Exhibits by Peter Rose Pulham, E. Q. Nicholson, Keith Vaughan, until April 15.

Annual exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours at the R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly, until April 28.

Paintings by Norland and M. Leszczynski at 20, Brook Street. From April 4-28.

"The School of 1830 in France" (in aid of the Hertford British Hospital, Paris), at the Wildenstein Gallery. Until April 29.

OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS

Empire Theatre, Leicester Square: the new screen-plus-stage programme includes "On the Town," a film musical with Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra; the Nat Karson stage production, "Spring on Parade."

A Polo Reunion Ball at Ciro's Club, London, on April 3.

A ball at Badminton House, by permission of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, in aid of the British Red Cross Society Gloucestershire County Funds, on April 10.

Ball at the Dorchester, in aid of National Television Fund, April 20.

CEREMONY

The King and Queen will attend the Maundy Thursday Service at Westminster Abbey, and the King will distribute the Royal Maundy on April 6. They will spend Easter at Windsor Castle.

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CHECKS . . . on a cool cotton holiday dress, your pockets located on the collar. Skilfully cut for easy tubbing. £5 from Hunts of Bond Street ; Samuels of Manchester.

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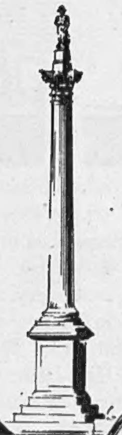

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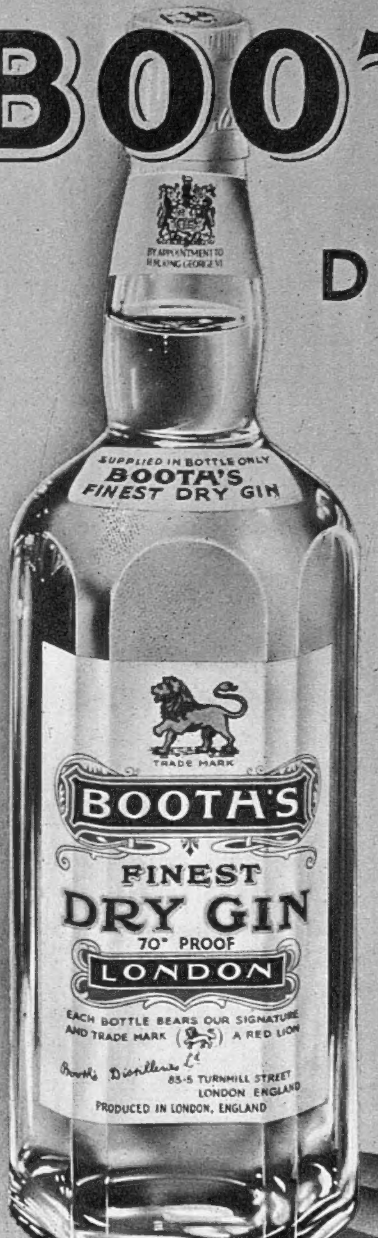

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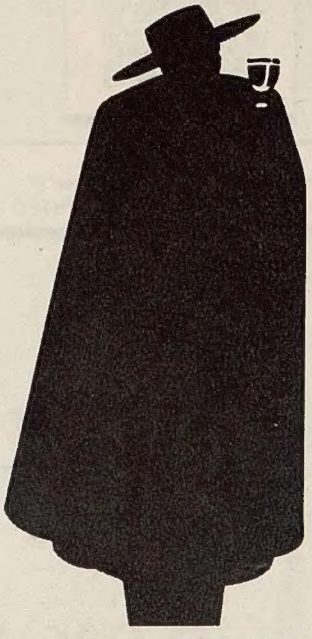

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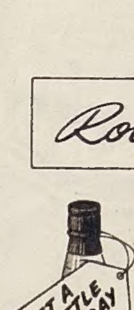
KIA-ORA'S

WHO'S WHO

No. 1

Robinson. Mrs Mary.



AGED 32 (and admits it). Has a keen sense of values and good taste in all things; hence is never without a bottle of Kia-Ora in the house. Mother of Jennifer (7) and Paul ($3\frac{1}{2}$) — two other good reasons why she insists on the most healthful of all fruit drinks. Wife of James Robinson, accountant. Continually being told to "cut out non-essentials", but knows that this does not apply to Kia-Ora.

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The First Eddystone Lighthouse

The building of the first Eddystone Lighthouse was begun in 1696 by Henry Winstanley, artist and scientist, and completed in November, 1698.

During the course of the building Winstanley was captured by a French Privateer, but Louis XIV censured the officer responsible and ordered Winstanley's immediate release, adding that he was at war with England but not with humanity, and that a lighthouse on the Edie Stone would benefit mankind.

The lighthouse, which was gaudily painted and contained sumptuous accommodation, was illuminated by tallow candles in the tower, but through over-decoration the whole structure was unstable, and Winstanley, who was visiting the lighthouse at the time, lost his life when it was washed into the sea during the great gale of November 26th, 1703.

No. 2 "Lighthouse" Series

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